

[Transcription begins]

#22 Monday February 14, 1944

Dear Douglas:

Valentine Day, so you must imagine that this letter is full of love and kisses! I sent you a valentine in the shape of a box of fig squares and brownies and hope that you receive it in good condition. I realize now that I made the squares much too thick but if they arrive in good condition and you like them, let me know and I will make some more but much thinner. Mrs. Millard sends them to Larry all the time because they pack so well and he is so fond of them.

All of your letters have arrived to date and our imagination tells us that you must be somewhere in the vicinity of the Marshalls. Your threat of purchasing a banjo sounds like a good idea, perhaps one of your crew can teach you how to strum. Hollier has acquired an accordion and makes merry with that.

I have just read a brief version of "Excuse My Dust"¹ and must get the book as well as his other which you liked, from the library. I am glad that you have apples for they are most scarce around here, you would miss the spotted opalescent and Rome Beauties which we always had in the winter, just ordinary pie apples are on the counters. I know just what you mean by "oyster stew" weather. We haven't been near the cottage for months but intend to open it up this spring, let it if possible for July and August and then use it ourselves for two or three week ends.

Thursday Dad and I went to "[H.M.S.] Pinafore" and "Trial By Jury" at the Metropolitan. We had tickets for Marilyn but she had an extended case of grippe which had developed into laryngitis, so Mrs. Schmid went in her place. We had fifth row seats and it was a splendid production. We enjoyed every minute of it. Florenz Ames took the part of the Judge and later of the Admiral and couldn't have been better. He has played in these productions for years. Everything was kept most traditional even to the back drop [sic] of cupids descending at the last minute in "Trial By Jury." I shall remember Mr. Ames and try to see him again in another Gilbert & Sullivan.

¹ Excuse My Dust, written in 1943 by Bellamy Partridge, recalls how the residents of Phelps, New York, met with resistance the arrival of the automobile to their small town.

Friday night we celebrated the birthday of Mrs. Metcalf by attending the Cabana night club on Elmwood Avenue. It was another's idea and Dad and I are still of the opinion that night clubs are a sucker's game. It was respectable enough, the setting was attractive and we really enjoyed the evening, particularly as the pianist was Billy Poore who went to Norwood Avenue, danced and played the banjo in that George Washington production at the Hall Library and chummed around with one of the Metcalf boys, and the singer went to school with Marilyn so they spent quite a little time at our table. The music was also excellent but I hate to pay \$3 for a dinner and then not have any dessert! But it was a delicious steak!

I had a nice letter from Tommie, we are baffled now as to his location but we guess somewhere off Italy.

Bob Stang is home. He arrived in our first and good hard snow storm, had not been able to buy an overcoat, so Dad drove him to church yesterday. As usual, Bill was home and I had Daryl so I stayed home, but Dad said he looks well although thin, and he is to be an instructor in Georgia. Charles Brown was also out and Dad says looks fine. The church was cold, we have recently acquired a new janitor as Mr. Thomson is working elsewhere with no Sunday or Saturday duties. Mr. Ringsmuth has secured another church in Methuen, Mass. I fear me he was a trifle too radical for our blood!

The snow really looked good to us, it has been so long since we have seen any and this was the clinging kind so that it looked like fairyland at the back of the house. Dad has acquired a new push shovel which made an easy job of the clearing. Bill and Marilyn took Daryl coasting down their street and she seemed to enjoy it. She stands up most of the time now, loves to pull the books out of the case in the little hallway but will stop and go somewhere else if you catch her at it and say "no, no." If she is standing and the music starts she will develop quite a rumba and make a clicking noise with her mouth.

Dad had a funny accident yesterday. The garage door blew open, snapping off one of the overhead screws, so as he was replacing that the screwdriver slipped out of his hand and pierced his forehead right in the mark that most people who wear glasses have over their noses. It was not deep and barely bled but he drove down to the accident room at the RI hospital, because he wanted it drawn together well as not to leave a scar. They just washed it and

put on a small piece of adhesive.

This morning Bing knocked to come in the front door and standing just in back and watching him quite anxiously was Chip, dressed in his brown and white sweater, both demanding entrance. I would like to have been able to snap a picture!

Tonight Dad has supper at Sadie Jordan's with the CYMBC and Roger Hard, Sr. will be the speaker on "The Navy goes to work." Mrs. Hard has invited me to her home for supper.

You know Dad has often said that he doesn't care for too classical music, thinks that people that enjoy the symphony are just pretending, etc., etc. But I wish you could read the list of records that he brings home from time to time. It couldn't be more classical. His latest is Wagner and he is so crazy about them that he can't wait to get the next album! Tchaikowsky, Grieg, Chopin are but a few of his favorites. Our shelves are almost full and we have lovely music many of the evenings when there is nothing of interest on the radio.

I am quite busy at the shop for we are getting ready to move in another two weeks and the space is so much less that I wonder where we will put everything.

If I neglect to mention someone or something in which you are particularly interested, just let me know and I will endeavor to please. Marilyn Eaton is thinking of joining the Waves. She and Marilyn gave a shower Saturday night for Lucille Ralph who is to marry a SeeBee² [sic] next Saturday.

Ever so much love

Mother [Transcription ends]

² **Seabees** (or SeaBees) are the Construction Battalions (CBs) of the Navy, performing construction projects such as the building of military bases, roadways and airstrips.